

# POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR

Marlinton, Friday, March 8, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.50 will be charged.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

Court begins Tuesday, the 2nd day of April.

Congress adjourned last Monday. While it may be the last Democratic Congress to be seen at Washington for some time, we cannot deplore its ending or wish it back again.

OUR President always shows to a better advantage when he is reigning with a Republican Congress. He is so constituted that he can agree to nothing and with nobody, and when he differs from the Republicans we think he is doing right.

At every recurring casualty, or tragedy, one is forced to think that we people of a thinly settled county lead a more eventful life than the common, crowded world outside. Some body is continually getting killed, robbed, or burned out, and altogether we whoop things up a good deal. It may be because we have room to spread, like trees in the open.

It is refreshing to hear of spunky husbands like the following: A man and his wife were passing near some school-boys. A fugitive snow-ball hit the lady. He became furiously angry, and justly so, too, and turning on the boys and shaking his fist in a most threatening manner, exclaimed in stentorian tones; "Its lucky for you young rascals that you didn't hit me!"

It is generally supposed that as soon as it was discovered that Figgatt, at Lexington, had stolen more from the bank of which he was cashier than the bank thought it possessed, that the other banks of Virginia looked into their "inwards" to see where they were at. Anyway, the First National Bank at Lynchburg arrested its teller, charging him with stealing \$26,000. This sum seems insignificant beside Figgatt's steal, still it is enough to make it grand larceny.

REV. SAM SMALL, having joked others, now comes in for his turn to be joked. Several years since, while a student at a Virginia college, essays were put in the hands of a committee to decide which was most worthy of the prize. Prof. Holmes of the University of Virginia was on that committee. Sam Small presented a very able paper, and the committee returned it to him and endorsed it with these words: "The prize is awarded to Dr. Johnson, of London, for an essay to which is attached the name of Sam Small."

AFTER the Legislature adjourned, many thought that Governor MacCorkle would call a special session for the purpose of rearranging the judicial circuits. Others have suggested that two years hence a constitutional convention be called for this purpose. Evidently, the development of certain sections of the State makes changes necessary. One district composed of Preston, Taylor, Barbour, Tucker, and Randolph has more than enough business for two judges. Tucker County, alone, has over a thousand cases on its docket and it is impossible to try a case under one or two years. This makes it hard on the poor litigant, and enables the unscrupulous debtor to use the law as a shield.

THE preference of creditors bill passed by the last Legislature is their most important and most beneficial bit of legislation performed by that body. In fact practically the only bill affecting in any considerable manner the business of the State. Under the new bill, a man in difficulties can borrow money on his real estate, and if it is a bona fide law may prefer that creditor to the extent of the loan. This will help many a good man to weather the storm, and will lead to capital coming into the State. Heretofore the lender though his money had been applied to the liquidation of the borrower's debts could only come in as a creditor at large.

THE Gazette states that Doctors Schoofield and Staunton have supplied themselves with anti-toxine, the new remedy and preventive for membranous croup and diphtheria, and offer to share the same with the other physicians in Charleston and Kanawha Valley. This seems the first of this remedy that has come to Charleston, and its virtues will be anxiously observed. The results are reported as generally, very satisfactory in most instances when used elsewhere.

DR. MOOMAU on his return called and paid us a good old-fashioned visit. He cheerfully answers all questions, and voluntarily gives an account of his important stewardship.

## A LAY OF THE HEN.

Jennie had a little hen,  
With feathers white as snow,  
Preacher and his wife came, then  
The pullet had to go.

## County Court.

The County Court was in session two days of this week. The regular routine of business was gone through. The bridge at Huntersville was ordered to be repaired. Bids are to be received for this and for the furniture of the new courthouse. E. H. Smith was granted drug license. A number of road overseers were appointed. A detailed report next week.

Found Guilty and sentenced to be sold: a number of articles have been found guilty of occupying to much valuable space in my store. They have got to go! I am determined they must go at hard-time prices. P. GOLDEN.

EDRAY W. VA. }  
March, 5 1895. }

Editor Pocahontas Times—Dear Sir: Please state in your issue of this week that I will preach at Marlinton, next Sunday the 10th, (D. V.) and oblige.

Yours Truly  
W. A. SHARP.

## Green Bank.

Mr. J. Moore, of Frost, was in our town last Tuesday.

Rev. C. L. Potter will hold a sacramental service at this place on next Sunday, the 10th at 11 o'clock.

Miss Dora Brownlee closed her school at this place last Friday. She has taught the best disciplined school that has been taught here since the war. She expects to teach a subscription school at Marlinton this summer. We congratulate the people who are so fortunate as to get her to teach their children.

We are having real March weather at this writing, changing every hour.

Our vicinity was shocked on last Sunday morning by the news of the fatal shooting of Ham Collins by Charles Slavin, in an altercation which resulted in the death of Mr. Collins.

Hon. J. P. Mooman, M. D. has been sick since his return from Charleston, having contracted a bad cold, but is some better at this writing. C.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or rent, my store-house and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand for a store. No opposition. Seven miles from Academy, and ten from Benick's Valley. Four miles from turnpike, and near the line of the B. & O. R. R. survey. A promising town. Lobelia, W. Va. W. B. HILL.

## Clover Lick.

We are having fine weather just now.

Mr. S. B. Hannab and Dr. Ligon purchased 100 head of stock sheep on Knapp's Creek, and brought them here.

Mr. Sam'l Sheets, of Dunmore, was welcomed with a bright smile when he was calling on the Creek the other day.

Mr. Jake Hill is at Dr. Ligon's.

The hillsides are bare once more, and stock is grazing like summer-time. Some lambs are to be seen.

A good many sheep were lost by their owners last winter, also a lot of chickens and geese froze.

Born: a child to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shineberry on the 27th of Feb.

We learn that Mrs. Geo. Tacy, of Driftwood, is worse again.

Some people have opened their sugar orchards, but no sugar has been made as yet.

## A GENERAL MOVE.

The movers commenced last Monday. Woods Dilley moved to the Dudley place and Howard Showalter to the Woods Dilley house, just making an exchange. We had a jolly time moving. Johnny Tracy helped in the moving.

Mr. Jacob Showalter talks of going to live with his son-in-law, Sam Gibson, on Elk.

LATER: It is snowing again.

## PUMPKINHEAD.

Tin, Iron, Steel, Felt Roofing, with trimmings; and tools to lend, or tools to keep. Can be laid by anybody; shipped every where.

red and black for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.

that shorten or lengthen for tinnerns, carpenters fruit growers, etc.

heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors

low. Circulars and quotations by addressing,

WM. A. LIST & CO.,  
Wheeling, w. va.

## Special Offer.

We have made arrangements with the Confederate Veteran published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the POCAHONTAS TIMES and the Veteran at the exceedingly low rate of \$1.65 for both papers. Every old soldier and every one else in the county should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomely illustrated magazine at so low a price. The Veteran has an immense circulation, and is the official organ of 500 camps.

## LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

### Order of Publication.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA  
POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to wit:  
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court for said county, on Monday, the 4th day of March, 1895.

W. A. Bratton, trustee,

vs.

W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway Company, a corporation under the laws of West Virginia, George F. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, and Q. W. Poage.

The object of this suit is to sell under a deed of trust in favor of the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railway Company, of date October 28, 1881, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, the land of said Ella M. Burr, (nee Poage) devised her by her father, Woods Poage, and to this end, to remove any clouds which may rest upon the title by reason of any claims of said Q. W. Poage to said land. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, George F. Burr, The West Virginia Central & Pittsburg Railway Company, is a corporation, chartered and existing under the laws of the State of West Virginia, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this the 5th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, W. A. BRATTON, D. Q. Clerk.

Lightning Hot Drops—  
What a Funny Name!  
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.  
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—  
Without Relief, There is No Pain!

## Commissioner's

PURSUANT  
Circuit Court of  
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Ott, Bros. & Co.

vs.

J. W. Bolton, W  
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Whiting, and J.

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PUMPKINHEAD.

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**PAINT** red and black, for metallic roofing. Creosote Preservative for shingles, posts and wood work.  
**LADDERS** that shorten or lengthen for tinners, carpenters fruit growers, etc.

**PAPER** heavy building, for sheathing, lining rooms and floors  
**PRICES** low. Circulars and quotations by addressing,  
WM. A. LIST & CO.,  
Wheeling, W. Va.

**Special Offer.**  
We have made arrangements with the Confederate Veteran published at Nashville, Tenn., whereby we can furnish the POCAHONTAS TIMES and the Veteran at the exceedingly low rate of \$1.45 for both papers. Every old soldier and every one else in the county should take advantage of this offer to secure this handsomely illustrated magazine at so low a price. The Veteran has an immense circulation, and is the official organ of 500 camps.

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{ POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to-wit: }  
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vs.  
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The object of this suit is to sell under a deed of trust in favor of the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railway Company, of date October 28, 1881, and duly recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, the land of said Ella M. Burr, (nee Poage) devised her by her father, Woods Poage, and to this end, to remove any clouds which may rest upon the title by reason of any claims of said Q. W. Poage to said land. And it appearing by affidavit filed, that W. S. Burr, Ella M. Burr, Felix H. Robertson, George F. Burr, The West Virginia Central & Pittsburg Railway Company, is a corporation, chartered and existing under the laws of the State of West Virginia, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 5th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, W. A. BRATTON, p. q. Clerk.

**Lightning Hot Drops—**  
What a Funny Name!  
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.  
Sold Everywhere. Every Day—  
Without Relief, There is No Pain!

## Commissioner's sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, pronounced at the October term, 1894, in the chancery cause of

Levi Gay

vs.  
John T. McGraw, John A. McNeel, and B. M. Yeager,

I will on  
TUESDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1895,  
Offer for sale by public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River and on the headwaters of Laurel Creek, a branch of Williams River, in said county, which was conveyed to said John T. McGraw by the said John A. McNeel, by deed of date 7th day of April, 1891, and of record in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, in Deed Book No 22, page 13, and which is estimated to contain 1077 acres and 30 poles. This tract is very valuable for its grazing and timber qualities.

TERMS: Enough cash in hand to pay the sum of \$3,479.50, with interest thereon from the 15th day of October, 1894, and the costs of suit and sale, and the residue in three equal instalments, falling due in six, twelve, and eighteen months respectively from day of sale, bearing interest from that date, taking from the purchaser bonds with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, a lien being retained as ultimate security.

W. A. BRATTON,  
Special Commissioner,  
I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed.  
J. H. PATTERSON,  
m8 4t Clerk.

## Commissioner's Sale of Land.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, pronounced at the April term, 1894, in the chancery cause of John A. Gieger vs. Wm. E. Sutton, etc., I will, on Tuesday,

the 2d Day of April, 1895,  
offer for sale by public auction, in front of the court-house of said county, that tract of land lying on the West side of Greenbrier River, in the First District of said county, and known as the John W. Logan place, containing 363 acres, more or less, being the entire interest of said Sutton in said land.

Terms: One third of the purchase money cash in hand, and the residue in two equal payments, falling due in six and twelve months, respectively, from the day of sale, with interest from that day, the purchaser executing bond with good and approved personal security for the deferred payments, and a lien being retained as ultimate security.

CHARLES P. JONES,  
Commissioner.  
I certify that the bond required by said decree has been duly executed.  
J. H. PATTERSON,  
m1 4t Clerk.

## Order of Publication.

{ STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA }  
{ POCAHONTAS COUNTY to-wit: }  
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, March 1st, 1895.

Ott, Bros. & Co.  
vs.  
J. W. Bolton, W. H. Overholt, E. H. Moore, trustee, George W. Whiting, and J. S. Wickline.

The object of this suit is to enforce a judgment of Ott, Bros & Co. of \$418.06 and \$14.80 costs against J. W. Bolton, and subject the lands of the said J. W. Bolton to the lien of said judgment and the costs of this suit. And it appearing by affidavit filed that the defendant, J. S. Wickline, is a non-resident of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that he do appear here within one month from the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect his interest.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said court, this 4th day of March, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, L. M. MCCLINTIC, p. q. Clerk.

**Notice to Taxpayers.**  
All parties whose tax remains unpaid, must make preparations to settle on my next call or give me property to satisfy same.

Respectfully,  
R. K. BURNS,  
Deputy-Sheriff.  
The same as to me,  
J. C. ARBOGAST, S. P. C.

## Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered on the 24th day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of Jacob Sheets, Administrator, vs. Rachel E. A. Sheets and others, the undersigned special commissioner will proceed to sell on

Tuesday, April 2d, 1895,

in front of the court house of Pocahontas County, at public auction to the highest bidder, two certain tracts of land, comprising the real estate of Jacob Sheets, deceased, situated in Pocahontas County on Back Alleghany Mountain. One containing 135 acres of land, conveyed to said Jacob Sheets by J. H. Arbogast and wife, by deed dated on the 28th day of April, 1877; the other tract containing 164 acres, conveyed to said Sheets by W. A. Gm and others, by deed dated 27th day of June, 1878. All of the timber on said 164 acre tract has been sold to the St. Lawrence Boom and Manufacturing Company.

Said land is partially improved, and has on it a comfortable dwelling and out houses.

TERMS OF SALE: Sufficient cash in hand to pay the cost of this suit and expenses of sale, and upon a credit as to the residue of the purchase money of 6, 12, and 18 months in equal instalments, bearing interest from the day of sale, the purchaser giving bonds for said deferred instalments, with good personal security, and retaining a lien on said land as ultimate security.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,  
Special Commissioner.  
I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

## Commissioner's Sale of Valuable Lands

IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, W. VA.

BY VIRTUE of a decree entered on the nineteenth day of October, 1894, in the chancery cause of William Skeen's Administrator versus John T. McGraw, and others, pending in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county, West Virginia, the undersigned Special Commissioner will proceed on

THURSDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1895,  
In front of the court-house door of said county to sell publicly to the highest bidder, the following real estate situated in Pocahontas county, to-wit:

**3900 ACRES OF LAND**  
Lying on Knapp's Creek in said county, adjoining the lands of William Curry, and others, formerly belonging to the estate of William Skeen, deceased. This land is covered with virgin forests of white oak, white pine, and other valuable timbers, and is also reputed to have on it valuable iron ore. It lies along the bank of Knapp's Creek in such a way that the lumber can be easily floated from it to market.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-fourth of the purchase money cash in hand, and for the residue bonds with approved personal security will be required, falling due in six and twelve months from day of sale, with interest from date, a lien to be retained as ultimate security.

R. S. TURK,  
Special Commissioner.  
I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that the Commissioner above has executed bond as required by law.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.  
**G. C. AMLUNG,**  
FASHIONABLE

**BOOT AND SHOEMAKER**  
EDRAY, W. VA.

All work guaranteed as to workmanship, fit and leather.  
Mending neatly done.  
Give me a call.

**C. B. SWECKER,**  
General Auctioneer  
and Real Estate Agent.

Isell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands. Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.  
Postoffice—Denmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

**M. F. GIESEY,**  
Architect and Superintendent,  
Room 19, Kelly Block,  
Wheeling, W. Va.



# HOME NEWS

—It is reported that several thousand logs were carried over the boom at Roncoverte by the ice.

—The Crummett building was knocked down to E. H. Smith, agent for his father, Capt Smith, at \$750. The sale was by way of public auction under a deed of trust.

—Mr. James Aldridge and son, George, have recently completed neat and convenient improvements on their farm near Edray; a dwelling, granary, lumber-house, woodshed, and stable.

—When you come to Marlinton to buy goods, go straight to S. W. Holt's store. He will be expecting you, and has taken special pains to have everything in stock you want to buy at the right kind of prices.

—The apple trees first planted about the Drennan dwelling, near Edray, and on the river near Geo. Gibson's, were carried by Laurence Drinnin from the old fields in Hardy County, a few miles north of Moorefield.

—The Pine Grove school-house, now occupied by Superintendent Barlow's school, took fire a few days since. By prompt and effective application of snowballs and water the threatening flames were subdued before much damage was done.

—It is gratifying to observe the progress already made in opening a road from Levi Gay's to Pleasant Hill, in the Brushy Lick flatwoods. The grade is easy, and when widened will be much used by persons coming to Marlinton from Poage's Lane and beyond.

—The Circuit Clerk, Mr. J. H. Patterson, has completed the copying of the record in the case of Hugh McLaughlin v. Hugh McLaughlin's heirs, in which an appeal will be asked. The record contains over three hundred pages of legal-cap paper.

—An otter was seen near the bridge last Sunday, recklessly exhibiting a pelt worth from eight to ten dollars. Several men are hunting him. There is a theory among trappers, that the fur of an otter will turn a ballet.

—At the junction of the Indian Draft and the western prong, the remains of a person were found some years since, supposed to have been those of a French officer who led the Indians in one of their raids into this region, and most probably about 1764. He paused to light his pipe by striking with flint and steel, and was shot by a scout who was watching the course the Indians were likely to take.

—Mrs. Mary Rackman, on the Indian Draft, has a pillow case made of material woven about 1780. It was first used as a dress by old Mrs. Brown when a little girl. It is of cotton, picked, carded, and spun on the little wheel. The old people say that cotton from the pod was more difficult to pick than wool full of burs. It must have been a tiresome task.

—There is an old outfit for making saltpetre in the cave from which Swago creek rises. It was used in the manufacture of gunpowder. Jonathan McNeil had a gunpowder factory in the old stone house near Withrow McClintic's mill. It was in operation during the war of 1812. As there was a blockade, powder became scarce, and as this was a hunting country, and a country infested with Indians, it was absolutely necessary to have powder.

—Mrs. Julia Sharp, at Edray, has an heirloom in her possession that is very interesting and is highly prized. It is a double bedspread, and was woven in colors and figures. The material is cotton and wool; picked, sheared, carded, and spun by hand, and then doubled and twisted. It has been in use about a hundred years, and shows but little sign of wearing out. It was woven by one Henry Jones, a professional weaver, who had the stone house at the Swago mill built to color and weave in. Either side of the fabric is the right side, and so it may be equivalent to two spreads in one. Mr. Jones died in Nicholas County, about 1862, at a very advanced age. He wore with sixteen broadies.

—In looking over our exchanges and reflecting upon the state of affairs over our country as presented in the journals, the writer feels that the people of this county are those whose lines have fallen in about as pleasant places as the earth affords at present. While we read of Legislatures appropriating hundreds of thousands to purchase seed grain for farmers, and food for hungry people, and how people in towns go to bed to keep warm for want of light and fuel, when so far as known to us our people have a plenty of the necessities of life, many of its comforts, and not a few of its luxuries. Talking over hard times, and brooding over low prices, and short profits, all seem uncalled for. Our neighbors while seated before a blazing fire, with barn, granary, and meat-tub well supplied, are the most fortunate of people, in spite of sixty-cent-wheat, cheap corn, and two-dollar sheep with horses to throw in.

—Maple sugar is being made in those camps from which the snow has disappeared. There is very little to be made in the manufacture of maple-sugar at ten cents a pound, and it is only because thrifty people are used to making every edge cut that its manufacture is carried on at all. When the season is over they have perhaps fifty dollars worth of sugar and molasses, to say nothing of the beer, and are not behind with their other work. In fact they have that where they would have had nothing. The exposure attending the work causes a lot of sickness. The ground generally wet and sloppy; up late at night; frozen on one side and hot on the other by the fire; scalding yourself, or putting your eyes out with the smoke; these are some of the discomforts of the sugar-camp.

—There was a row on the street last Tuesday. Two young fellows got their fighting blood up, and after indulging in some highly seasoned personal remarks, came to blows. They fell in the mud, and the top man was pounding the under man. Quite a number of men got implicated and all of us bystanders seemed to have a dark suspicion that the nearest man was an adversary. A fight was nearly caused by one part wishing to separate them and another who said to let them fight it out. R. K. Burns, Deputy-Sheriff, pulled them apart and dispelled the warlike appearance, and the majesty of the law was upheld. One man was covered with blood and glory. No harm was done, and the bruises will just loosen the skin and make the boys grow.

—One of the most aggravating things in a small way occurred to some of our town friends last week, in connection with their bank. The trouble must first be ascribed to the irregularities of the mail service which has plunged us in a hopeless state of despondency for the past week or so. This firm was notified that they had a note of forty-odd dollars in bank due Feb. 24-27. They sent the money in time, but it was delayed one day, and the bank received it on the 28th. The note had been protested and was sent back for collection, and on Saturday of that week process was served on the firm for the full amount of the note plus the protest fees. This made two sets of costs which will about knock the profits off the transaction for which the note was given.

—There was a six-foot raise in the river last week. The ice was well rotted before the flood, and so did not do any damage. Several rafts went by with their customary crew, and perhaps a horse or two to lighten the walk back. Captain Smith is down the river and has been driving no doubt.

—In front of the original Robert Moore dwelling, traces of which may be yet seen, are two Lombardy poplars, planted there nearly a century since, and perhaps the first of their kind west of the Alleghenies. Though from sunny Italy, these trees flourished luxuriantly until a few years since.

—E. H. Moore & Co., of Academy, inform us that last Saturday, after a certain special advertisement was placed for the week in our paper that they did a very much increased business their cash sales alone amounting to over sixty dollars.

## KILLED!

HAM COLLINS KILLED BY CHAS. SLAVIN

Violent Death of a Noted Character.

Ham Collins, the hero of a thousand escapades, the fiddler, and noted for the number of scrapes through which he has come unharmed, came to his death from a shot from a Winchester rifle in the hands of Charles Slavin, on Cheat Mountain, in the upper part of Pocahontas County, last Saturday evening about dark.

Green Bank district is without a magistrate, so Justice William H. Grose, of Huntersville, was sent for to hold an inquest, Slavin being arrested charged with the crime.

THE JURY.

A jury consisting of the following gentlemen was empaneled at the home of the dead man: G. D. Oliver, W. A. Gladwell, John H. Ralston, J. P. Wooddell, P. H. Hamilton, and C. C. Arbogast, with Dr. L. L. Little attending physician.

THE EVIDENCE.

The evidence given below is the substance of the testimony of Jasper Varner, Frank Houchin, Lee Collins, and Peter Kramer: It seems that Ham Collins, Lee Collins, Jasper Varner, and Peter Kramer were coming from Cheat Bridge down the mountain to the Slavin Cabin, where Ham lived. Ham, who had been drinking, stopped to talk to a man near Robert Kerr's place. Jasper Varner went back to join him, the crowd having passed on, and about the time they overtook their companions, Varner and Collins came to blows. Collins beat and abused Varner terribly; nearly biting his nose off, for one thing. This was about a quarter of a mile from Ham's house, and near Charles Slavin's home. Slavin heard the fuss and took his Winchester rifle and started for the scene, thinking that it was his brother that who was in a fight. He met Varner, who was coming away beaten and bruised, and who told him what was up. Slavin went on and talked to Ham in a friendly manner, until Kramer said, "Do you take up Collins' and Varner's fight?" Slavin said, "Don't know that I am," and took his gun off his shoulder. It seems that the whole crowd, and Frank Houchin, who had come up with Slavin, joined in a struggle to disarm Slavin. In the effort, the struggling group went over the roadside, and the gun was discharged, the bullet entered the ground. Slavin then wrenched the gun away, and jumping aside a few steps, shot Ham, who was standing motionless a few yards away. Ham said "I'm killed," and fell, and as he fell, Slavin fired again. Both balls took effect in the left side and passed entirely through the body, one near the heart. Slavin went to Grati Slavin's, and Ham was carried home.

SLAVIN'S EVIDENCE.

The testimony of the prisoner varied in some particulars. He said that he took his gun down to throw it aside and fight Kramer with his fist, claiming he had insulted him by his words. That when they tried to disarm him he resisted, and that when he found himself free, he mechanically threw a ball in his Winchester, and that Ham started towards him with a drawn dirk. There was no knife of this kind found at the place of the tragedy.

THE VERDICT.

"We the jury find that the deceased Ham Collins comes to his death from two shots from a Winchester rifle in the hands of Charles Slavin."

The dead man was buried at the Hoover graveyard on Tuesday. He was a man aged about fifty years, of immense frame, and has had a checkered career. It is said that he saved the life of Gen. C. C. Watts, of Charleston, at one time by catching on his arm a blow aimed at Gen. Watts' head. His arm was broken. He had a row in Randolph county, broke jail and came to Pocahontas. He went to Bath on a trip in 1893, had a big fight at the Hot Springs, was arrested and broke jail there. He came back and moved from Clover Creek to Cheat Mountain. He leaves several children.

Charles Slavin is a native of Pocahontas, and is quite a young man. He was tried a few years ago for cutting a man, but was cleared of the charge of felony on the grounds of self defense. He is in jail at Huntersville.

As usual in such cases there is much feeling aroused. Slavin is well connected and well liked and many who are in a position to judge assert his action was justifiable.

All the country has said that there was sure to be blood spilt between Collins and the Slavin's, and Slavin was once held up by Collins. The evidence given to our readers this week is against Slavin but the public will do well to bear in mind that there are two sides to this case and the prisoner has much evidence in his favor not yet produced.

Public sentiment is with Slavin.

Personal.

Mrs. Dr. Patterson, of Huntersville, has been quite a sufferer much of the winter from rheumatic troubles; much relieved, however, at present.

Miss Jones closed her pleasant school at Mr. Rucker's, and returned to her eastern Virginia home last week.

Mr. Louis Yeager taught the public school at Huntersville quite acceptably to his patrons, and has finished his term. He is now canvassing for an interesting book.

Aunt Betsy McLaughlin is about well from her severe fall upon the icy ground at Mr. C. L. Moore's.

Mr. William Anderson from Pendleton County, passed through Marlinton last Thursday in search of Greenbrier cattle.

Miss Lucy Curry, of Huntersville, is visiting friends in Hillsboro and vicinity.

Wyllis McComb has sold his property on Cumming's Creek, and thinks of locating at Huntersville.

The concert of sacred music at Driscoll was well attended, led by Professors Friel, Herold, and White.

A recent letter from Colonel Turk gives information of his conferring with parties with a view to a high school in the public buildings about to be vacated.

Calls were made at this office on court-day by Messrs. Isaac McNeel, William Gibson, George W. Callison, Robert Gibson, A. W. McNeel, and John R. Moore. All having an eye to the necessities of the editor.

Perry Buzzard was here on business last week.

W. A. Bratton, attorney, and E. I. Holt, Esq., returned from a business trip to Baltimore.

Capt. C. B. Swecker attended court, and auctioneered the sale of the Crummett building.

Mr. Crook, of Toledo, Ohio, was here to contract for furniture for the new court-house.

Mr. Manly met the court as usual.

Rev. Charles Fultz and wife were in Marlinton last Saturday.

Miss Mary Brown, of Green Bank, is visiting her brother, S. L. Brown, Esq., and her numerous friends in Marlinton.

Prize Sayings.

London *Tit-bits* offered a prize for "bulls." The first one here presented was deemed the best. The others were also selected for their excellence.

A certain politician, lately condemning the government for their recent policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

An Irishman, in the midst of a tirade against landlords and capitalists, declared that "If these men were landed on an uninhabited island, they wouldn't be there an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages."

Only a few weeks ago a lecturer gave utterance to the following: "All along the untrod paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen Hand."

"We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves the ashes in our hands!"

Dentistry: Dr. J. H. Weymouth will be at Valley Head March 15th, and remain 3 days. Mingo, 19th, 4 days. Edray, 25th, 5 days. Marlinton, April 1st, 4 days. Buckeye (Clark Kellisons), 5th, 4 days. NW Point, 10th, 4 days. Huntersville 15th, 3 days. Green Bank 19th, 3 days. And will be prepared to attend to all operations in dentistry.

—The road between this place and Roncoverte is muddy beyond all belief.

## FOOTBALL

ANNUAL ASSOCIATION MATCH WITH MINGO.

To be Played Saturday March 16.

The long expected match with the English team from Mingo, Randolph County, will be played at Marlinton on March 16th. The public is invited to attend. Especial preparations will be made for ladies to see the game comfortably. The names, position, and weight of the players is here given.

THE TEAMS.

Mingo	Marlinton
<b>FORWARD</b>	
B. B. Earnshaw, 122, J. H. Wilson, 166,	
<b>RIGHT WINGS</b>	
Arthur Lawson, 122, A. Price, (C.) 150,	
Earnest Hebben, 130, N. R. Price, 143,	
<b>LEFT WINGS</b>	
H. P. Earnshaw, 140, L. Yeager, 152,	
S. E. L. Grews, (C.) 141, T. Ricketts, 145,	
<b>HALF BACKS</b>	
E. Brooke-Hunt, 165, J. Smith, 126,	
Richard C. Hales, 165, J. Yeager, 166,	
George Tompkins, 144, F. Anderson, 170,	
<b>FULL BACKS</b>	
O. K. Dakers, 142, W. Yeager, 175,	
Piatt Marshall, 170, W. McLaughlin, 183,	
<b>GOAL-KEEPERS</b>	
R. Tuke, 122, H. Bird, 180,	
[Umpire, A. N. Other, Esq.]	
Marlinton reserve: Pat Simmons and Blake King.	

Mingo sends the above weights as the fighting weight of each member, with the motto: "England expects every man to do his duty."

Armstrong and Cumberland.

Nothing has ever created deeper interest through the county generally than the arrest and incarceration of the negroes, Armstrong and Cumberland, charged with the robbery of Capt. Edgar. As usual the State's attorney is getting his evidence in shape before court. It is a little way that he has and he generally surprises those busy-bodies who claim to know more about such cases than any body else, when such a case is to be disposed of, and who come in with their officious and idiotic suggestions. There will be some strong evidence produced on the part of the State, but as it takes the strongest evidence to cause our juries to bring in a verdict of guilty, it is foolish to hazard opinion as to the likelihood, of their conviction or acquittal.

DEPOSITIONS

Some depositions were taken by County Clerk S. L. Brown, of Armstrong and Cumberland, last week to be read as evidence in case pending in Marietta, O.

It seems that a room had been rented to these two men and others, and that gaming was carried on in that room. The owner of the room being on trial for allowing gaming to be carried on in property owned by him is endeavoring to prove that it was without his knowledge or consent. The testimony was that any gaming carried on in that room was kept from such owner's knowledge.

ON THE DEFENSIVE.

The writer had an interview with Armstrong. He is undoubtedly a very intelligent man. He is a fluent speaker and he sets forth his innocence in a most convincing manner. He consents to the publication of the following points, as he relies on them as a part of his defense. There is other important evidence in his favor which he does not wish to blemish public. The robbery was on the night of January 4th, 1894, at about 8 p. m., thirty-two miles from the railroad. He claims that the journey to Marietta, O., his home, could not be made in less than thirty-six hours. He has a letter from a female student of the colored college at Marietta, stating that she returned to school on the 5th, and saw him that day. She fixes the date by her school report. A barber states that he saw him on the 5th, fixing the date by the sale of his barber-shop. Armstrong's friends have examined the books of the American Express Company, and write him that he had signed the receipt of a package on January 5th at their office. They have also seen a Justice of the Peace who will testify that Armstrong paid him some money on a mortgage about the 5th or 6th. Attorneys John W. Stephenson and H. S. Rucker are the defendants' counsel.

Notice.

All parties indebted to the undersigned, will please pay up by the 1st of April, as longer indulgence will not be given. Take heed and save cost.

BRIGHT & CALLISON.



Germany is now second only to Great Britain in steam navigation.

London has grown so great in area that it now involves a journey of thirty miles to go across the city.

Of the California fruit product twenty per cent. may be classed as green, fifteen as canned and sixty-five as dried.

Husband and wife as law partners is something unknown in Great Britain. There are no less than twenty-one such firms in the United States.

Signor Schiaparelli, the eminent astronomer of Italy, treats with great scorn the suggestion that the inhabitants of the planet Mars are signalling to the earth.

Where can you get a better picture to hang over your desk than an accurate map of your farm, with the fields numbered and correctly measured? asks the Rural New Yorker.

A high iron fence is to be erected about the campus of Yale University, with a lodge at the gate, and any student who wants to come in after a certain hour of the night will have to interview the janitor before he can gain admission.

The failure of the railway between Jaffa and Jerusalem seems to be complete, and, according to the Presbyterian, there is little prospect that it will ever be able to pay its running expenses. The road has passed into the hands of the Rothschilds, who made advances upon it, and are now owners.

It is a cast-iron rule that when the head of the Astor family arrives at a certain age his photograph is taken and inserted in a frame which contains also those of his predecessors. These framed photographs stand in the head office in New York City, where the business of handling the vast estate is carried on, and every day a bunch of flowers is placed in a vase in front of them.

A dentist in New York has given up laughing gas for mesmerism. A young woman who was put under the influence of the spell says that a few passes of the dentist's hands over her forehead sufficed to produce a dreamy feeling, which soon merged into insensibility. Can the dentist keep a person mesmerized during the few passes of the hand which follow the grasping of the forceps? If he can, the Rochester Post Express thinks his name should be written side by side with the discoverer of cocaine.

According to the Pittsburgh Dispatch a prominent surgeon says that if children are taken in hand when quite young, their noses can be adapted to eyeglasses without danger or much pain, and he is willing to make the experiment if any mother will furnish the subject. He will charge nothing. His idea is to engraft a protuberance on each side of the nose as a sort of saddle for the glasses to rest on. They would be no disfigurement, as the glasses would cover them. When man was formed glasses were unknown, hence many noses were unprovided with the necessary hump to keep them on. It is highly important that this oversight should be remedied.

The New York Independent says: Emperor William made an address at a banquet at Konigsberg, at which nearly all the provincial authorities were present, in which he made it evident that he feels the necessity of preserving and fostering the peasantry as the real pillars of the monarchy. This has aroused very bitter feelings on the part of the Prussian nobles, and some of them have manifested so much opposition to the Emperor that he rebuked them very sharply, claiming they are bound to follow his lead on account of his imperial authority, and even canceled the names of three from the invitation to the banquet. This has aroused still more opposition and has created very sharp feeling, which manifested itself in not a little discourtesy at the time of the banquet. It is thought that this will emphasize the hostility between the different factions and may result in sharp attacks upon the Emperor.

#### A SONG OF HAPPY DAYS.

Sing a song o' happy days—  
Sing it all the time!  
Roses bloom in the ways—  
Bells that sweetly chime!  
Right or wrong,  
Still sing the song—  
For happy singing pays!  
Sing a song o' happy years—  
Sing it day and night;  
Let the rain shed all the tears—  
Let the heart be light!  
Right or wrong,  
Still sing that song—  
And keep the harp strings bright!  
Sing a song o' happy lives—  
Sing it loud and long!  
Brothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives,  
Join the thrilling song!  
Right or wrong,  
Still sing that song,  
Till angels to the chorus throng!  
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

#### MY NEW FOUND COUSIN.

BY ARTHUR JONES.



O begin with, no fellow was ever more fortunate than I in having a host of pretty girl cousins. And what's better, I am always discovering more. I seldom go anywhere without adding a new one to my list. In short, I am no longer surprised at anything in this direction.

Last year I was studying at the School of Fine Art, in Paris, adding the finishing touches to my education in art. I was thoroughly devoted to my work and took little share in the social affairs of the American colony. The few people I cultivated were of the bohemian world, mostly students at the Fine Arts or the University. The novelty of living in this free, outdoor atmosphere was so absorbing that I missed very little the society of the drawing-room.

Late one afternoon the postman brought me a letter, postmarked Paris and addressed in an interesting feminine hand: "Mr. Arthur Jones, Rue de Sevres, No. 163."

"Who can this be from?" I asked myself as I scanned the envelope and address. I tore it open without more ado. "Daisy Tillotson," I read, looking first at the end. "Who on earth is Daisy Tillotson?"

But here is the letter, copied from the original, which is still in my possession:

BOULEVARD HAUSMANN, No. 72,  
PARIS, April 17, 1893.

Mr. Arthur Jones:  
I will explain at once who I am, and then you will understand why I write you. Your mother is a favorite cousin of my mother's, and Mamma made me promise when I left New York to hunt you up—which I am doing in the best way I know of.

I sincerely hope you are the Mr. Jones, for I don't know your first name. I only knew you were studying art in Paris. They gave me your address at the Fine Arts.

I shall be here several weeks with my friends, the Paynes, of St. Louis, and I hope I may see you soon. Yours sincerely,  
DAISY TILLOTSON.

"Daisy Tillotson, Daisy Tillotson," I repeated to myself. "I don't remember of any Tillotsons in our family. However, she seems to know. That's the trouble with having so many relations. I suppose I'll have to look her up, or Mother will never forgive me. I'll call at once, to-night—I've nothing special on—and get it off my hands. She's probably one of those formal creatures, and I shan't have to call a second time."

So I added a few careless touches to my toilet—for my life among the students had made me affect the extreme negligé style of dress—walked to the Place Chatelet and took a seat on top of an *Arc de Triomphe* bus.

Ah! what a spectacle that is—to sit perched on the top of a great lumbering, careening, three horse bus and see the world of Paris, from one end to the other, pass in review before you! The lights along the Rue de Rivoli have just been lit. The shops are closed, but the cafes are bustling with pent-up expectancy, for Paris is just beginning to wake up for the night. But I must not tarry on the way.

Boulevard Hausmann, No. 72. A very respectable apartment house. Mrs. Payne received me. "Oh, yes, you're Miss Tillotson's cousin. She's expecting you. I almost feel as if I knew you myself, Mr. Jones. I've heard Daisy rave so over your pictures." And she shook hands with me with regular Western cordiality.

There was a rustle in the next room. A girl appeared in the doorway. She was dressed in red, a warm red. My critical eye at once saw that it just suited her. I thought then I had never seen a prettier girl, and certainly I have not changed my mind since.

"Daisy, this is your cousin, Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Payne. "Now, you can have a good visit together."

We got on from the very first. I was the easiest fellow in the world to get acquainted with, if you will give me half a chance, though I do close up like a clam when I come in contact with an unresponsive object.

My mother and her mother, it seemed, had been schoolmates together.

er, though I didn't ever remember ever having heard my mother speak of it. Strange thing, too, that in all my life I had never heard that the Tillotsons were relations of ours. And yet ours is such a large family, it was hardly to be wondered at.

But we didn't have to confine ourselves to talking over family matters. We found common ground enough that was more profitable. I had not been home for a year, and she told me all that had been going on in art and music meantime. She was thoroughly conversant and in sympathy with these subjects. She was herself a student of the piano. So there was enough to talk about.

I looked at my watch. I was after eleven o'clock. How the time had passed! Three hours had slipped away and I hadn't realized it. What better proof that I had found my newly-discovered cousin absorbing. It was a new sensation for me—me, who, with my surfeit of fair cousins, had always been inclined to take the society of women at a discount.

"Why, I do believe I am actually a little in love with this girl," I soliloquized on the way back to my lodgings. "But it will do no harm. She's my cousin." So interested was I in the subject, however, that at that late hour I sat down upon reaching home and wrote a letter to my mother in New York, telling her all about Daisy Tillotson. She was an acquisition to the family, I said.

I had arranged to take my cousin to the Luxembourg gallery the next day. Then we would go to the opera in the evening. This was my plan. I called for her in the morning with a carriage. Think of me riding in a carriage! Why, like a true bohemian, I had always hated anything less plebeian than a public omnibus or a bicycle. But then, "she's my cousin," I argued to myself, "and I must make her stay in Paris memorable. It's all on her account."

Yes, she certainly did look pretty, that fresh, inspiring April morning. She must have studied to look her best. I took this to myself as a compliment. In turn, I had myself given unwonted attention to my toilet and had spent some little time trying to decide which cravat I should wear.

"What a romantic and unconventional situation fate has thrust us into, Miss Tillotson," I remarked as the carriage rolled off toward the Luxembourg. "Here are two young people who have never known and scarcely heard of each other before, cast suddenly together, far away from home and left to each other without sponsor or chaperon. It sounds too bookish to be a reality."

"Yes, I've been thinking of it," she answered, "but you know we're cousins, and that's different."

"After all," I persisted with the idea of teasing her—for I'm a confirmed tease—"are you perfectly sure of that? You never knew me. Jones is a common name. There may be half a dozen painters in Paris by the name of Jones. In fact, I know one myself. You picked me out at random. Perhaps I'm not your cousin at all. Maybe the other Jones is the fortunate one."

"Oh, you're just trying to tease me," she responded, "and I shan't be teased. I know you'd like pretext to get rid of me, but it's quite a privilege to have a cousin in Paris who knows everything, and I'm not going to let you go so easily, Mr. Jones."

"Mr. Jones, indeed," said I in an injured tone. "If you call me 'Mr. Jones' I am no cousin of yours. My name is Arthur—to my cousins. And I'm going to call you Daisy. May I? 'Miss Tillotson' is so long, you know."

"I don't know why you shouldn't," she said, a little coquettishly, "if you're my cousin."

It was a gala day for me. How I enjoyed telling her what I knew about the pictures. And in the evening, how I enjoyed hearing her talk of the opera—it was "Carmen." Music was as familiar ground to her as art was to me. And how often we found that a truth was as applicable to one art as to the other. We had both been progressing in the same field—art in the abstract—along different but parallel paths; and the comparisons of views were interesting and broadening to us both. Ponder the subject well and you will find that there are numerous essential analogies that run through pictorial, musical and literary art.

For two weeks I scarcely touched a brush. During that time the doors of the Fine Arts knew me not. My art had been temporarily eclipsed. "Oh, well, a fellow doesn't run across such a cousin every day," I urged to myself in excuse for my neglect of study. I was trying to persuade myself that I was interested in Daisy Tillotson simply because she was my cousin. But I knew better. I began to wish she were not my cousin.

We were very frank with each other. There was no reason to be otherwise. One afternoon we were out at St. Cloud—out under the budding horse chestnuts whose shade Napoleon so loved. I had been reading "Paul and Virginia" to her in French, I remember. "You have no right to be my cousin, Daisy," I said. "What a perversion of circumstance. Here you are the only woman I have ever come across that has forced from me any real affection of the tenderer sort. And you are my cousin."

"But maybe I am not your cousin," she responded with a merry twinkle. "You have said often enough that you are not sure of it. Perhaps I am some adventuress who, counting on your brilliant future, has set a trap for you and baited it with this cousin pretext so as not to frighten you away. There's no telling. Aren't you a little suspicious?"

And so we kept up the sentimental skirmish. It would have been a real courtship if that cousinly barrier had not stood between us. And still I felt that it was that very cousinly barrier that made me so bold, and her too. Without it, I presume, we should never, under the conditions, have become more than casual acquaintances. With it we had been almost like brother and sister from the very first, and here at the end of two weeks it seemed as if we had known each other a lifetime.

One evening when I was at Mrs. Payne's there came a ring at the door, and the maid brought a card in to Daisy. It read: "Mr. Anthony Jones."

"Do you know him? Is he a relative of yours?" asked Daisy, handing the card to me. "Know him?" said I. Know Tony Jones? I ought to. He's an artist, too. He's the one I spoke of. We've been up into Normandy sketching together more than once. But he's been in Munich since Christmas. Perhaps he's the cousin you were looking for when you found me, Ha! ha!"

Just then Mr. Jones, the other Mr. Jones, entered. Daisy rose to meet him. "Why, how are you, Mr. Jones?" said he, seeing me; "I didn't expect to find you here." "Nor I you," I returned jocosely.

"Let me present you to my cousin, Miss Tillotson," I went on. "Miss Tillotson—Mr. Jones, Mr. Anthony Jones."

"Your cousin?" said he inquiringly. "Why, she's my cousin, too, then. I must explain, Miss Tillotson. My mother is a cousin of your mother's, I believe. She has written commanding me to call upon you and make myself known. Fortunately Arthur, here, has relieved me of the awkwardness of introducing myself."

"I'm sure I am very glad to see you, Mr. Jones," she mustered self-command enough to say. "I'm afraid I have made a terrible blunder, though, unless you are both my cousins."

I came to her rescue and explained the situation to the other Mr. Jones. "Why, it's very theatrical," said he, laughing; "it's very much like a comedy. But which of us is the real cousin, and which the impostor. Or, are we both her cousins, and so ourselves cousins of the tenth degree or thereabouts."

"I don't see any way to decide for the present," said I. "Miss Tillotson, I'm afraid, will have to remain in uncertainty until our credentials can be compared."

Jones, that is the other Jones, was an admirable fellow, and it was not long before we were all laughing and chatting freely over the humor of the situation. Daisy brought Mrs. Payne in and we all had a game of whist together. Whatever our relationship might prove to be, it was a jolly, congenial party, that's certain.

The next day I received a letter from my mother in answer to the one I had written two weeks before. She had no cousin of the name of Tillotson, she said. There were no Tillotsons in the family that she had ever heard of.

"Well, well, what an amusing mistake! I'll go and explain it to Daisy—Miss Tillotson, I mean—at once," thought I. "It's due to her. I'll tease her about it. But it's no more than a good joke anyway, and no harm's done."

So I went and told her! What a good laugh we had over it all. "But we're not cousins any longer," said I, suddenly drawing myself up with make believe dignity. "So I suppose I must go back to my painting and leave you to your real cousin, the other Mr. Jones."

"You wouldn't do that, Arthur," she said. "I found you, you know, and I claim you by right of discovery. A friend when once found is too valuable a thing to be thrown away, and I shan't be the one to disclaim our friendship, begun though it was purely by chance."

"Bless you," I said. "I'm glad, after all, that you're not my cousin, and I wouldn't change places with the other Mr. Jones if I had the chance, for now—"

So it was, you see, that Daisy Tillotson became Mrs. Arthur Jones, if you must know. Oftentimes her cousin Tony, the other Mr. Jones, comes to see us, and we have another laugh over the whole affair. If you should happen our way we'd be glad to see you. You can find the address easily enough. Only be sure not to get the wrong Mr. Jones.—The Pathfinder.

#### Amazons in the Civil War.

Late statistics in odd things in the history of the United States Army show that no less than 150 women disguised as men served as soldiers in the Army of the Potomac.—New York Mail and Express.

The world is full of people who never acquire above pulling something down.—Milwaukee Journal.

#### HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

##### CLEANING DELICATE LACES.

Here is a recipe for cleaning delicate laces, which an old lacemaker, who has woven many a gossamer web for the great connoisseur and lover of laces, Mme. Modjeska, gave to her pupil and patron: Spread the lace out on paper, cover with calcined magnesia, place another paper over it and put it away between the leaves of a book for two or three days. Then all it needs is a skilful little shake to scatter the powder, and its delicate threads are as fresh and clean as when first woven. Mme. Modjeska is quite an adept at the art of lacemaking and fashions many dainty patterns with her deft fingers.—New York Telegram.

##### THE REMEDIAL USES OF APPLES.

In all temperate climates the apple grows freely, and might be obtained in practically unlimited quantities. That it is not more used than it is is probably due to the fact that, being so plenty, it is undervalued. Yet almost every one likes the fruit in some fashion, and it should form a part of at least two meals out of every three during the year round; for even when the fresh fruit is not in season, canned, dried or "evaporated" apples may always be had.

"Chemically," says a writer in the North American Practitioner, "the apple is composed of vegetable fibre, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and water. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter—lecithin—of the brain and spinal cord. It is perhaps for this reason—though but rudely understood—that the old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit to renew their powers of mind and body."

Not only the phosphorus, but the acids of the apple are of singular use for persons of sedentary habits, whose livers are apt to be too slow of action. These acids aid the liver in its work of eliminating from the body the noxious matters which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or, in time, would cause rheumatism, jaundice, or skin eruptions, and other allied troubles.

The malic acid of apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat.

Ripe apples are probably the least fermentable of all fruits, except, possibly, the banana. For this reason ripe and sound apples may be eaten by most persons in even the hottest weather; but even the apple is safest when cooked.

We have the support of eminent medical authority in saying that the most healthful way to cook apples is to pare and core them, and bake in a moderate oven. If the apple is of a quite sour variety it may be necessary to add a little sugar, putting about a saltspoonful in the hollow whence the core was extracted. The next best way to cook them is stewing. Contrary to common belief, apples baked in their skins are the least healthful of cooked apples.—Harper's Bazar.

##### RECIPES.

A Cream of Chocolate—Take a pint of milk and three ounces of chocolate. Boil this with five tablespoonfuls of sugar until thoroughly mixed, then remove from the fire and add four eggs beaten light. Pour into a cold bowl to cool, and when cold, add a pint of cream beaten stiff, and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Potatoes a Maitre D'Hotel—Cut about a quart of potatoes in slices. Put one and one-half ounces of butter in a saucepan, and when melted add a small teaspoonful of flour, stir till turning yellow, then add a quart of milk and salt to taste. Let it boil up once, take from the fire and add the potatoes. Put it back over a slow fire for ten minutes, add a teaspoonful of minced parsley, the yolks of two eggs, and serve.

Cheesecake—Take three ounces of fine bread crumbs, four ounces of grated cheese, two ounces of butter melted, a teaspoonful each of flour and mustard, a saltspoon each of cayenne and white pepper and two eggs well beaten. Mix all these ingredients together and let them stand an hour. Knead and roll out as thin as possible; cut the paste into triangles, or roll it into thin sticks about three inches long and bake in a quick oven sixteen or eighteen minutes. Serve hot.

Omelet—Add to six eggs beaten very light a scant tablespoonful of flour, mixed smooth in two tablespoonfuls of milk, half an onion chopped very fine, a little ham, and a sprig of parsley, also chopped fine, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix these all well together. Put a piece of butter half the size of an egg into a frying pan, and when hot turn in the mixture, stirring all the time till it begins to thicken. Then let it stand three minutes to brown, lay it half over, slip it on a dish, and serve at once.



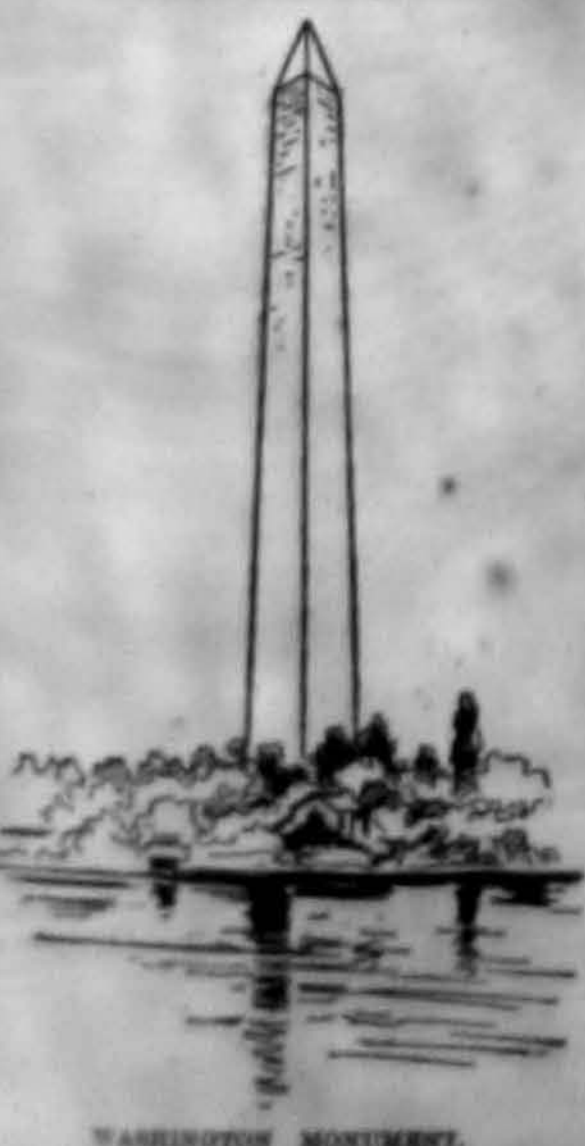
# HIGHEST ON EARTH.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT IS LOFTIEST OF ITS KIND.

Interesting Details of the Origin, Erection and Completion of a Great Obelisk—Wonderful View From the Top.

FEW people who have never seen the Washington monument can conceive of its strength, its majesty, and yet its grace and beauty of outline. Indeed, it may well be regarded as one of the architectural wonders of the world. It is the loftiest structure ever reared by man. From the base line, or, rather, sill of the door of the main entrance, to the apex of the capstone is exactly 555 feet and four inches. This makes the Washington monument the tallest edifice or structure in the world. The next highest is the famous old Cheops pyramid in Egypt, which is 543 feet, but as that is of immense area at its base and rises in easy slopes to the summit, old Cheops conveys little more impression upon the eye than would a lofty mountain from a plain. The great cathedral at Cologne has a spire which reaches into the heavens 524 feet, and there is a cathedral at Antwerp whose spire extends upward 476 feet. St. Peter's spire, or rather dome, at Rome, is only 448 feet. When the big tower on the City Hall in Philadelphia is completed it will rival the Washington monument, but even then will not equal it, for it is only designed to run that up 535 feet. The great Washington obelisk, therefore, stands alone in the grandeur of its elevation, the symmetry of its outlines and the solidity of its construction. The world has never seen anything like it before, nor is it likely that the genius and patriotism of man will again attempt so ponderous a work. As there is never likely to be another Washington, so it may be safely said that there will never be another memorial built to commemorate him or any of his successors. The great Washington shaft will stand alone, as long as the Republic lasts.

Thousands have made the ascent on foot, but it is a dreadful task, and there is a certain something in the awful solitude—the sense of being shut in within four solid walls, with the dimmest of lights, that makes nervous people long for the end. But there seems to be no end. There are 900 iron steps to climb. True, the staircase is broad, but the faces of the steps are worn smooth with the tread of many feet, and the end—well, the end is afar. Long before you get to the top you wish you had not started. The guide books will tell you that you can stop the elevator at any of the landings and get on, but that is a fiction. The elevator makes straight runs. Like some of the elevators in Chicago, it runs as a limited express, though not a very fast one, for it takes seven minutes to cover the 518 feet which lands one at the platform under the capstone. To the man who starts to walk up there is enough to interest him in the study of the memorial stones, the intaglios and



WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

other tablets which adorn every fifty-foot level as high as 200 feet, but above that everything is a dead blank. One sees nothing but the dim light of the incandescent lamps reflecting on the cold granite walls, the steel skeleton beams of the stairway and the endless wind and wind upward.

They were a dear old lot of enthusiasts who conceived the monument, and right manfully did they prosecute the work. The movement began way back in 1829, when Gale & Sesson, then making enormous sums of money from Government printing contracts, first mooted the project. They got interested with them old Peter Force, George Watkinson, Librarian of Congress, and William Graham, an old landowner, and formed a society, and they succeeded in getting Chief Justice Marshall, then in his eighty-fifth year, as President. The first idea was to build the monument by dollar

subscriptions, but it was soon found this would not work. It took the society several years to raise \$30,000. Then they raised the "ante," so to speak, and in a short while they had about \$100,000—enough to begin



ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

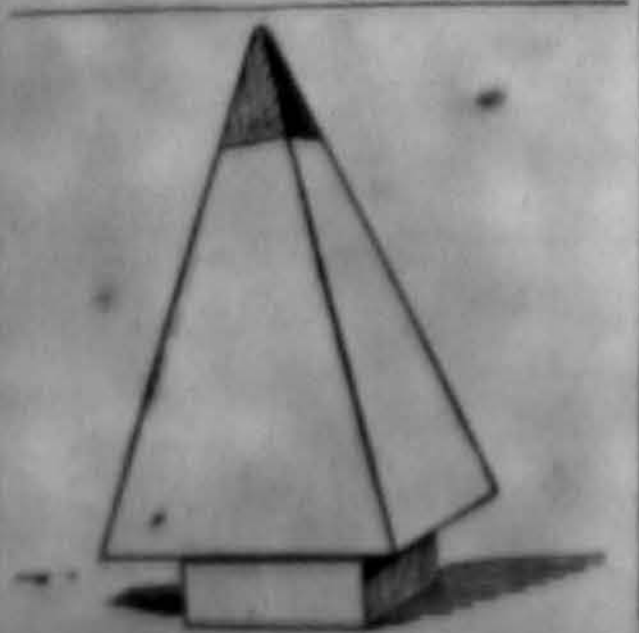
on plans at least. Every man over forty years old remembers in his school books and current prints pictures of the "proposed monument to George Washington." When the committee was raising money they sent this print out broadcast and thousands of them are to-day stored away in the garrets



VIEW OF MONUMENT FROM DOME OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

of the country. This was the design of Robert Mills, at that time an architect of the Capitol. His design was a huge building in the form of a circular peristyle or colonnade 250 feet in diameter and 100 in height. At points equidistant on the roof of this structure were to be bronze equestrian statues of Washington, modeled from studies of various incidents in his career. From the middle of this circular colonnade was to rise an obelisk 500 feet high. This design was bold, but the society abandoned it because of the cost, and resolved upon the plain obelisk that we have to-day—a lucky change, many think, for most of the statuary of Washington which represents the father of his country is simply execrable in taste and horrible in drawing and execution.

It was a noted crowd that witnessed the laying of the corner stone of the present structure, July 4, 1848. Among them was the venerable Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, then ninety-one years old; George Washington Park Custis, then proprietor of the Arlington, and father-in-law of Robert E. Lee; Mrs. Dolly Paine Madison, widow of the ex-President; Mrs. John Quincy Adams, widow of another ex-President; Chief Justice Taney, Lewis Cass, of Michigan; ex-President Martin Van Buren, and Millard Fillmore, who had just been nominated for



CARRIAGE OF THE MONUMENT, SHOWING THE ALUMINUM TIE.

Vice-President with Zachary Taylor, Robert C. Winthrop, the Speaker of the House, delivered the oration, and

it will be remembered that at the final completion of the monument and its formal dedication, February 22, 1885, the then venerable Mr. Winthrop was again present, one of the most honored guests. But for many years after 1854 the project lagged. The association got to the end of its money (it had raised and spent \$250,000) and then the thing stopped. The monument was up 165 feet, then it was housed over and so remained. Nor was it until twenty-two years later, in 1873, that Congress could be induced to do anything. The spirit engendered in the centennial year set the machinery in motion, and the press and people took the matter up in such vigorous shape that Congress made an appropriation to begin the work of completion. The result was that in eight years thereafter the work was complete. On December 6, 1884, the capstone was set and the work ended. It is a mistake to suppose that the great shaft is a "marble column." It is not. For the first 400 feet the main structure is of blue granite, the lower walls being fifteen feet thick. The thickness of the walls decreases until about the 450 feet level, when they cease, and the rest of the altitude is reached by solid blocks of marble, from two and one-half feet thick to eighteen inches. Inside this, however, is built an interior structure and arch, with a keystone which supports the capstone, that weighs just one and one-half tons.

Inside this shaft rise four iron

they do not look larger than bull's eyes, but once up there there is room for ten people at each window. Fifty people can move about on the upper landing and never once get in each other's way. The view from this land-



ENTRANCE TO THE MONUMENT.

ing is one of the grandest ever spread before the human eye. It makes a nervous person shake a little, and not every one cares to glance downward to the base of the shaft, for the effect is disturbing. By the laws of perspective, parallel lines converge in the distance, and the effect of this is that the base of the monument, by convergence of its two visible corners, seems smaller at the bottom than at the top, and the sensation is that the whole shaft is just about to topple over. By the same laws of perspective objects not so far away look smaller, even though they be larger than those in the greater distance. Thus the Capitol looks a good deal smaller than the old ship house in the Navy Yard, a mile farther off. And the tower of the Soldiers' Home, two miles farther away, looks twice as big as the dome of the Capitol.

An interesting study of the monument is the tablets—the memorial stones, which for more than a generation a patriotic people and an admiring world have been sending to adorn the interior of the structure. These tablets date from away back in 1849, and some of them are immensely funny viewed at this late day. All sorts and kinds of human impulse seem to have prompted these memorials. National patriotism, local pride, corporate vanity and rivalry, religious zeal, private greed and hope of gain, all these conditions are visible, and not only visible, but palpable. Some of the tablets are very elaborate and must have cost a great deal of money. Those, for instance, sent by the cities of New York and Philadelphia are splendid specimens of marble sculpture.

Virginia did not content herself with one tablet, but has a dozen, in which naturally references to the "Father of His Country" and "Virginia's Noblest Son" predominate. The Western States are but poorly represented. Some of the tablets which seem now odd and out of place are those, some of them very handsome, donated by the old volunteer fire departments of the various cities. There are others, too, by individual fire and hook and ladder companies. The chief aim of the fire ladders of the past seems to have been to get their individual names emblazoned upon the tablets of fame. Thus every memorial sent by an engine or hook and ladder company has the name of every member cut in the face. New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore seem to have got up a generous rivalry as to which should have the biggest representation in the monument. Some of the offerings are very elaborate sculptures in marble, and must have been costly. The favorite designs were representations of old hand engines, hydrants, with hose coiled about, firemen's hats and trumpets in vanguard, and pictures of fire ladders rescuing women and children from burning buildings.

Of Sunday-school tablets there is no end. It looks as if during the ten years before the war every Sunday-school in the Eastern States had accomplished a memorial tablet for the Washington monument. And the same with the Odd Fellows and Masons, who have, altogether, over seventy-five offerings; some of them very handsome. Foreign countries are also represented by Brazil, Arabia, China (in native language), Greece and one from Switzerland inscribed, "This block of stone is from the original chapel built by William Tell in 1338, at the very spot, Lake Lucerne, where he escaped from Gessler."

Some of the lesser tablets are very odd. In 1836 B. Norris & Co., locomotive builders of Philadelphia, got out a locomotive in bas-relief, carved in marble, and, with their name and occupation on it, the stone now occupies a conspicuous place. New Bedford, Mass., sent a stone with nothing on it but the name of the town and a representation of a big harpoon, which, of course, at the time, told its own story. Another old stone is a block of granite, inscribed "From D. D. Hittner's Quarry," Penn.

The control of the monument is vested with the War Department, and it is under immediate charge of Colonel Wilson, of the public buildings and grounds. Congress appropriates \$12,000 annually for its maintenance. —Chicago Herald.

## THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

There once was a hermit who lived near a stream,  
In a pleasant, commodious cave;  
Folks gazed on him daily, with wonder supreme,  
And he lived on the presents they gave.  
But one morning he found, with such dreadful dismay,  
That he could hardly open his lips,  
A new hermit settled just over the way,  
And himself in a total eclipse.  
—F. B. Oppen, in St. Nicholas.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Women are fonder of talking than of conversation.—Boston Transcript.

The clocks and the coats  
You may stir as you will,  
But the odor of camphor  
Will cling to them still.  
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Jasper—"How did Mr. Blublood make his wealth?" Jumpup—"He didn't make it. He inherited it, and it made him."—Puck.

Teacher—"Johnny, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?" Johnny—"At the bottom of the page, mum."—Syracuse Post.

Prospective Purchaser—"What minerals are there in this spring?" Owner—"Plenty of gold and silver, if you advertise it properly."—Truth.

"She is a great favorite with the male sex." "Yes." "Why doesn't she marry?" "Her numerous engagements prevent her."—New York Press.

Nell—"Mr. Sillicus is only an apology for a man." Belle—"Well, wouldn't you accept an apology if it was offered?"—Philadelphia Record.

'Tis not for all the things I want!  
My pocketbook I bleed;  
Alas! I'm poor, because of all  
The things I do not need.  
—Puck.

When a girl has a dimple in her cheek she doesn't usually get to be more than seventeen years old before she learns how to work it.—Somerville Journal.

"Call him a veteran joke writer? Why he is not more than twenty years old." "That is so; but his jokes are veterans all the same."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—"I don't see you with Miss Gotrox any more. Have you and she had a misunderstanding?" He—"No; an understanding. She rejected me."—Brooklyn Life.

Client—"I want to sue the railroad company for \$50,000 damages. What is the first thing for me to do?" Attorney—"Give me a retainer for \$500."—Detroit Free Press.

"What! haven't you named the baby yet?" Mamma—"No." "Can't find anything good enough?" Mamma—"N—no; can't find out which uncle is the richest."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"What's the matter with Jennings, Harlow?" "Oh, some mental trouble. He suffers from a complete loss of memory." "Suffers? Jove! he's in great luck, considering his past."—Harper's Bazar.

Patient—"Can you tell me, doctor, the cause of baldness?" Physician—"Nothing easier, sir. It is due to the falling out of the hair. Will you pay now, or shall I put it down to your account?"—Boston Transcript.

Teacher—"They builded better than they knew." Do you understand that? Bright Boy—"Yes'm; they always do. Teacher—"Who always do?" Bright Boy—"The architects, you know. Pop's new \$3000 house cost most \$10,000."—Good News.

Friend—"How did the count propose to you, and you accept, if he could not understand your language nor you his?" American Heiress—"It was very simple. He showed me his family tree and I showed him my bank book."—New York Weekly.

Miss Bellefield—"Mr. Spatters is a good sportsman." Miss Bloomfield—"Is he? He never shoots anything." Miss Bellefield—"That is why I call him good. I think it is real wicked to kill innocent animals and birds."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

"Hast thou a lover?" asked he,  
"Oh, maiden of the Rhine?"  
She blushed in sweet confusion  
And softly faltered "Nein."  
He felt rebuffed and knew not  
What best to say, and tamen  
A sudden thought came to him;  
He pleaded, "Make it ten."  
—Detroit Tribune.

He—"Now that we are engaged, I must know if any one ever kissed you before." She—"Oh, George, how can you doubt me? I bring you a heart as fresh and ardent as your own." (George doesn't know whether to be satisfied or not.)—Baltimore Telegram.

When one girl tells you that she always prefers the summer at the seashore and another girl tells you that she always prefers to spend the summer at the mountains, you may be pretty sure generally that the first young lady tans and the second young lady freckles.—Somerville Journal.

Mr. Smallwort—"I see that a female bank robber has been operating out West and has so far escaped capture." Mrs. Smallwort—"How do they know it is a woman if the robber has not been captured?" Mr. Smallwort—"The combination locks have all been picked with a hair-pin."—Chicago Record.



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Labella, W. Va. W. B. HILL.

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J. B. FRAZER, Edinburg, W. Va.

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## State and General News Items.

JUDGE John J. Jackson, of the United States District Court of West Virginia, has appointed A. H. Winchester, the popular secretary of the Poplar Manufacturer's Association, as receiver of the Holly River Lumber Company, whose plant is at Holly, W. Va., and which was built and operated by W. E. Marsh & Co., of New York, until the latter firm, by reason of inability to realize on its holdings, was forced to suspend operations in November last. The plant is one of the largest and best equipped in the State, and with its operation under the direct guidance of a practical lumberman, it is believed that it can be made to pay its debts in full, provided fair prices can be realized from the sale of its output. No man-of-war outfit could be more complete than is that of the mill of Holly. It has a band saw, band re-saw, dry kilns, planing mill, fifteen miles of railroad, locomotives, cars, etc., and 16,000 acres of as good poplar and oak as stands on the waters of Elk River. This is one of the very few instances where a lumberman has been appointed to wind up the affairs of a lumber company. A really rare occurrence.—*Lumberman's Review.*

A. N. BELL, a citizen of Rockbridge County, attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat last Saturday. He was driven to the act by the loss of \$3,000, the saving of a lifetime, which went up in the looting of the Bank of Lexington by Figgatt, the ascending cashier. There is no record on the bank's books of this deposit. It is probable Bell will recover.

We claim that Dr. M. L. Lacy is the owner of the smallest calf on record. Here are its dimensions, taken by Mr. James Jarrett, of Greenbrier County: Length from tip to tip, 27 inches; height to point of withers, 24 inches; girth, 25 inches; weight, when one week old, 44 lbs. This calf is of the Jersey persuasion, mouse-colored, and Mr. Newt. Campbell says it is "jamber-jawed," what ever that may be. Come all ye stock raisers and hand in your reports.—*Monroe County Watchman.*

The State Horticultural Association, met at Morgantown last week. The attendance upon the meeting was good and much interest manifested. The Wool Growers' Association and the State Dairymen's Association were also in session at Morgantown, but were scantily attended.

REV. DR. W. K. BOYLE, editor of the Baltimore *Episcopal Methodist* and a prominent divine in the M. E. Church South, died in Prince George Co., Md., on Feb. 20th, aged 55 years.

It is cowardly the way the papers are pitching into the Legislature, now that it has adjourned and cannot pass resolutions of censure.—*Independent-Herald.*

CHARLESTON is now the second city of the state in size.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

**Concord State Normal School.**

Spring term begins February 13th, 1895.

Summer term begins April 24th, 1895.

Tuition free to West Virginia students.

Boarding, washing, and lodging, \$2.25 to \$2.50 per week.

For catalogue and other information apply to

J. D. SWEENEY, Principal,  
CONCORD CHURCH,  
MERCEUR CO., W. VA.

**For Sale.**

I wish to sell my farm 3 1/2 miles from Marlinton on Greenbrier River, this County. This farm is well adapted to farming or grazing. About 80 acres improved and about 270 acres unimproved; a greater part of this is finely timbered with oak and hemlock.

Title indisputable. Price and terms reasonable. A good bargain offered. For further particulars call on or address UNIAN BIRD, Marlinton, W. Va.

## What is

**CASTORIA**

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

**Castoria.**

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgood,  
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kirschner,  
Conway, Ark.

**Castoria.**

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ANSWER, M. D.,  
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,  
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

**Waverley Bicycles.**



Are the Highest of All High Grades

Warranted Superior to Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regardless of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scorchers and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for \$85? We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is more than we can say of any other wheel, however high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MERRICK & CO.

High frame, Wood Rim, Detachable Tire, Scorch-high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Steel Rims, Waverley Clincher, Detachable Tires, weighs 25 lbs \$85

Regular Frame, same weights . . . \$85

Ladies' Drop Frame, same weights and Tires . . \$75

26-inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs . . \$74

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business awaits the right man. Get our Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

**IT TICKLES YOU**  
THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM  
**LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.**

**CURES** Colic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Flux, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Chances of Water, etc.  
**HEALS** Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scalds, Bites of Animals, Serpents, Wigs, etc.  
**BREAKS UP** Bad Colds, La Grippe, Influenza, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.  
**SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.**  
SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c AND 50c PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.  
HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Vienna, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

**The Confederate Veteran**

and the

**Pocahontas Times, \$1.65.**



# POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 33.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

The editor of the Medical World, a Philadelphia journal, diagnoses the political condition and prescribes accordingly.

"Our republican institutions, as good as they are, are imperfect. Corruption seems to be the disease of republics. The Roman republic died of it, France and our own republic are seriously affected with it. But the oldest republic now in existence, Switzerland, after long suffering, found a remedy for it, and she now stands forth purged and pure, an example to her larger, but younger, sisters.

"Republics are governed by representatives elected usually for a specific time. During this time they hold absolute sway, without, as a rule, feeling the responsibility felt by monarchies, who hold their positions permanently. Hence, these representatives, temporary, but absolute for the time being, are too frequently an easy prey to scheming politicians, each serving the other's interests.

"One man suggests that it would be a good thing 'to have a string to our Congressman;' that is to have the power to un-elect him when he fails to give satisfaction to his constituents. That would be a good plan, but the Swiss plan is better.

"A feature was added to the Swiss organic law requiring that all bills above a certain degree of importance, and not being of immediate urgency, should be referred to the people for their ratification or rejection at the next general election. Then the wily politician sought pasture new, for his occupation was gone. This is called the Referendum.

"But the Swiss people, among their representatives still further, retained the privilege of initiating legislation, that is, any bill, (which any voter can propose), when endorsed by a certain percentage of the voters, must be acted upon by the government, and is turned by the people at the people at the next election if necessary. This is called the Initiative. That is that the people claim for themselves the privilege of proposing and determining legislation. This is called Direct Legislation; and it has purified the hitherto corrupt politics of Switzerland.

"Democrats, isn't this fair? It is a return to simple Democracy. Republicans, isn't this fair? It is only a wider application of the principle, 'government by the people.' Populists, isn't this fair? It will place directly in the hands of the people all the modern reforms. Prohibitionists, Socialists, and Single Taxers, isn't this fair? Your ideas will then have a fair chance. Now this—the Initiative and Referendum—is what all can unite upon, and it should be done immediately. It is the key that will unlock the golden future. Opposition to it is self-condemnation.

"We want immediate and united action. A party with that single principle alone for a platform would deserve success at the next general election. If it should require a struggle for the next ten years it would be worth it.

"When has a political party kept its promises? What do political platforms mean? What do elections mean? The meaning of every election is interpreted in hundreds of different ways. Read the various opinions after every election.

"With the Referendum the meaning would be direct and specific. We could then vote for principles and measures, and not merely for men; and our expressions at the ballot-box would be understood. Let us have it, and through it let us end the professional politician, the lobbyist, etc., and obtain justice for the weakest as well as the strongest in our midst."

How does this strike you, Pocahontas voters? Let me hear from you either by voice, letter, or through the public press. This is

## POETRY.

For the Pocahontas Times.  
**A Blasted Prospect.**

We went for a stroll, my love and I  
To walk in the lane together;  
The river laughed as we wandered by  
In the dusk of the summer weather.  
The zephyr sighed in trees beyond,  
And everything spoke of passion,  
Its whispered low to the flowers fond,  
The rustling leaves of the grove respond  
In arbor vitae fashion.

I hazard the tale all lovers tell,  
In faltering words and slow,  
And it seems to me I had known so well,  
I'd hear that decided "No!" (dead).  
The night wind moans for the fair hopes  
The leaves of a dead oak shiver; (sped),  
The darkening gloom of the night has  
I wander alone on the way so dread,  
On the banks of the treacherous river!

a remedy prescribed for your case by one of the most eminent and successful surgeons of Philadelphia. Will you take the dose. He does not appeal to your political prejudices in the least, but gives a sugar-coated pill that can be easily taken, even by a child. If you endorse the above sentiment, speak out. It will help our country as it has helped the little mountain republic of Switzerland. It only illustrates further the motto of our own State seal, "Montani Semper Liberi." I am a convert to the above theory. J. W. PRICE, M. D.

## State and General News Items.

The engineering corps arrived here Monday, having completed the survey of the C. C. & S. railroad to Sutton. Since then they have been surveying on both sides of the river. This has caused much talk as to the location of the road. Many assert that the road will follow Elk to the head waters, and then cross over the mountain and join the Davis road, which is a part of the Pennsylvania system. We very much desire to give our readers all the facts as to this railroad, but the railroad people know so little (for publication) that we have nothing definite, except that that the survey on the south side of Elk has been made to Sutton and that they are at work on the road thirteen miles below Clay C. H.—Braxton Democrat.

A man by the name of Smith, from Pocahontas county, was brought here from Camden-on-Gauley Wednesday night and lodged in jail, charged with skipping a board bill of \$250 down at Halo. Smith was working on a saw mill there, and claims that he told the boarding house keeper he would pay him as soon as he drew his wages. However this is only one side of the case.—Webster Echo.

The money disposed of by this Legislature is about \$35,000 more than by the last Democratic Legislature. This means a deficit in the State treasury, as the last appropriation was up to the receipts, and this Legislature has provided for no increase in the general revenues.—Parkersburg Sentinel.

The contest between Tucker and Yost in the Tenth Congressional District of Virginia is on hand. The recount has been completed and shows gains for Yost, but lacks 320 votes to unseat Tucker. He hopes to throw out Amherst county or be allowed enough on his evidence to overcome this deficit.

SOME miscreant ruined the shrubbery in the grounds about C. P. Dorr's residence a few nights ago by peeling the bark off from the ground up a considerable distance. The perpetrator, whoever he may be, should be busted down and severely punished.—Webster Echo.

Our State is honored in the appointment of Hon. Wm. L. Wilson as a cabinet member. Under the last administration this State furnished a member of the cabinet in Hon. B. Elkins.

The New York baseball team has a pitcher from Wheeling. His name is Knapp.

## Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.  
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.  
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.  
Deputy Sheriff, R. E. Barnes.  
Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown.  
Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson.  
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.  
Commissioners Co. Court, C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow.  
County Surveyor, George Baxter.  
Coroner, George P. Moore.  
Justices, A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock, Charles Cook, H. Grose, Huntersville, Wm. L. Brown, Dunmore, G. R. Curry, Academy, Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

## THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October. County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

## LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,  
ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC  
HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas county and in the Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.,  
LAWYER,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

## PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,  
DENTIST,  
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,  
RESIDENT DENTIST,  
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D.,  
HAS LOCATED AT  
FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

## The Washington Post AND THE Pocahontas Times,

ARE OFFERED TO SUBSCRIBERS AT THE CLUBBING RATE  
OF \$1.30 FOR BOTH.

We cannot let the opportunity pass without offering our subscribers this famous independent weekly for 30 cents additional to the price you are paying for your county paper. This gives you a large city paper and your home paper at an nominal sum. This offer is to subscribers who are strictly paid up in advance.

## Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF  
**WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.**  
Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets, Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

## Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN  
—I MEAN BUSINESS—

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

S. W. HOLT.

## Looking Backward

—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,—

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

—YOU MUST EAT!—

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

## GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS,  
REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOUR—

REASON POCKET HEALTH

{ West End }  
{ of Bridge. }

P. GOLDEN,  
Marlinton, W. Va.

## Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone spavin, curb, poll evil, fistula, and heaves. Terms, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bee-stings, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases. Address,  
T. J. WILLIAMS,  
Top of Allegheny, W. Va.

## Fearless Feed Grinder.

It will last a lifetime. One horse power sufficient. Grinds any grain, either just merely cracking it, or fine enough to make family meal. Every big farmer is buying one. References, R. W. Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W. Callison, Frank Hill, Geo. W. Whiting, Wm. Callison, and J. H. McNeil, Academy. Am making a canvass of the county and will call on you in a short time. Price in reach of all. Agency for Pocahontas and Greenbrier counties. Right sold in one day. For particulars, write to  
R. M. BEARD,  
Academy, W. Va.



These "loaf" is rapidly triumphing over all prejudice, not only in France, but in Italy.

A philologist of high repute is authority for the statement that there are seventy-two languages spoken in Russia.

The height of politeness in warfare has been attained in our new army rifle, declares the New York Dispatch. With the use of smokeless powder its bullet of nickel or steel will kill a man at a distance of two miles before he is aware that the gun has been fired or has heard the report.

The New York Sun thinks it will be serious news to girls' seminaries that the pickle crop is short all over the world this season. A trade journal announces, with something like dismay, that Europe is buying heavily in this country, which means higher prices soon. The crop in the Mississippi River section was a failure. It is interesting as showing the proportions of the pickle business that 260 car loads of pickles in brine were bought in Chicago recently for shipment to the East and Europe.

It has been decided to substitute civilians for enlisted men as attendants at army post exchanges, formerly known as "post canteens," which are used for purposes of refreshment, recreation and general club rooms by the regular soldiers. The change was suggested by General Schofield in 1890, and has since met with general favor. The main reason for it is that enlisted men have not proved successful as managers at a majority of the exchanges. General Brooke, commanding the Department of the Platte, has informed the War Department that he has adopted the new system at all the canteens in his department, and is confident that it will be of great benefit to the persons directly interested. His example will probably be followed by other department commanders.

Birmingham, England, is making a good thing out of the war trade in more active than it has been for twenty years. The other week a Chinese agent placed an order for 20,000 rifles and ten tons, and over 10,000,000 military cartridges have been turned out during the past two months. Since the outbreak of hostilities no less than 20,000 rifles have been exported from the city. Most of these, however, are weapons discarded by Germany after the Franco-Prussian war. Birmingham manufacturers bought them cheaply, converted them into more modern weapons, but attempted conversion was a failure, and, with true Birmingham thrift and cunning, they were shipped to South Africa, transhipped in mid-ocean, and sold to the Chinese Government.

The enterprising dime museum manager, usually eager for novelties and freaks of nature, has just missed a most glorious opportunity, claims the Washington Star. Mrs. Elizabeth Neal, colored, died last month in Oakland, Cal., at the age of 160 years and eight months. There was nothing so remarkable about her advanced age, for instances of such long life are by no means so infrequent as to be considered among the marvels. The interest in Mrs. Neal centres in her confession that though she was born near Richmond, Va., in 1794, and although she was well acquainted with a number of colored folks who were employed in the Washington household, she had never seen the Father of His Country. She had seen a number of men who were pointed out to her as associates of the first President, but him she never saw. This is a most remarkable instance of fortitude and truth. It stamps Mrs. Neal as a woman among a million. The edge of novelty was so long ago worn from the person of the Washington body-servant that there is a refreshing charm about the confession, nay, the boast of this honest dame, that she had never seen George Washington. Such a woman, properly advertised and featured about, would doubtless have made a fortune for any exhibitor. With her person a treasury to the truth that may never again be duplicated. Married men and two-handed boys would have paid into long queues to see her.

#### A WINTER FANCY.

Against the pane the snow drifts fast;  
The cold night wind goes sobbing past,  
Alone I sit, and close my eyes,  
And think and long for summer skies.  
I have a vision—strangely sweet—  
A field of waving summer wheat;  
Hills clothed in green from top to base  
A silver lake, across whose face  
The breeze makes smiles, white to and fro  
The white swans slow and stately go.  
An orchard all flush with bloom;  
A dark wood, and within its gloom  
A thrush that sings once and again  
His madly sweet and ecstatic strain.  
'Tis answered by notes clear and strong,  
And all the air is filled with song.  
How the birds sing! And well they may  
Who would not sing on such a day?  
O world so fair, O life so dear,  
Just now God's Heaven itself seems near!  
The dream is past; I wake alone;  
I hear the cold wind's angry moan,  
And sob aloud, "Be swift to bring,  
Most gracious Lord, our life's sweet spring."  
—Virginia Franklin.

#### THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

BY MAY M'HENRY.



HE two women shut the door carefully and locked it as they went out. They did not say anything until they had climbed the rickety fence and were out in the road. Thoughts of what they had left, shut up alone there in the bare, silent cabin, silenced even their loquacious tongues. When they were halfway down the hill Mrs. Sutton drew a long breath and pushed back her sun-bonnet.

"There, thank goodness, that's over! It was a task, but some one had to do it; and I'm glad I'm not one of them that's afraid to take a job. Not that I minded layin' out the poor thing, even if she was a foreigner. I like to do what's my duty to do; but when it comes to takin' pinner children to raise, why I don't believe it's required of me. What Ide Bowman wanted of them I can't see, poor as they are. But I wasn't going to tell her not to take them, for then they would come on the rest of us somehow; and the poor tax is high enough already, goodness knows."

"It's awful foolish of her," said Mrs. Burt, severely. "Ide always was a soft thing, and she's like a baby that hasn't been weaned like that just because she pities them. And, land sakes, just think how poor they are, and Steve a cripple!"

"Oh, it takes your real poor folks to afford the luxury of being charitable, and they're the sort that are likely to end up on the township, too," said Mrs. Sutton, tossing her head. "That sort think them that work and manage and have a little money ought to give it all away. Ide had the audacity to say that since Sutton and me had no family and had the farm and the store both to fall back on, it would be nice for us to take the little dages to raise. But I soon give her to understand that I hadn't been workin' all these years to throw away what I've got on no-account paupers."

"Steve is going to have a steady job this winter on Mr. Plunkin's mill. I suppose she is counting on that. She told me about it when she came to tell about the Italian woman being dead," observed Mrs. Burt.

While the two matrons from down in the valley walked leisurely toward their comfortable homes, the subject of their discourse was hurrying through the woods in an opposite direction. She carried a burden much too heavy for her slender frame, and a little boy, scarcely able to toddle, slung to her skirts and weighed her down. She hurried, panting, along the rough path and kept looking back over her shoulder in a frightened way, as though she was carrying off, concealed under her shawl there, a treasure from the dead woman's cabin. Her head was bare; she had taken her faded hood to tie about the little boy's shivering shoulders, and you could see that her face had the waxy pallor of extreme ill-health. The skin was drawn so tightly over her high, narrow forehead it was a wonder the bones did not push through. Her prominent light eyes had a weary, helpless stare, and the heavy masses of her lustrous brown hair made her head seem too big and heavy for the pitiful little pipstern of a neck that supported it.

The small one-story house at the end of the path up the hill was homely and unpretentious enough, but after the wretchedness and squalor of the place where the poor stranger had lived with her children, it looked comfortable and inviting.

"We have lots to be thankful for. There are so many that are poorer," said Ide Bowman to herself, as she pushed open the door of her home. There were but two rooms in the house, both as bare and empty as they well could be to contain all the furniture of a household. Ide passed through the kitchen into the bedroom, where she placed her burden, a sleeping girl baby, upon the bed, and set the boy on the faded cushion beside

her. Without stopping to take off her shawl, she drew a box from under the bed and began to take out the little garments with which it was packed. With what bitterness and rebellion she had thrust those patched and darned baby dresses out of sight in the hour of her great desolation. She could not bear the sight of them then. Now she lifted them out with lingering care and passed her hands caressingly over the folds and creases that spoke so eloquently of the plump baby limbs that had worn them.

"They will fit exactly," said Ide, looking up at the waifs on the bed.

She washed and dressed the motherless little strangers and fed them the scraps she could find in the bare cupboard. Then she sang them to sleep in the long disused trundle-bed. They were not particularly pretty children, they had never been well enough fed and cared for for that; but Ide hung over the trundle-bed and feasted her hungry eyes. An empty place in her heart seemed to be filled at last.

The poor little peaked-faced things! She would take such good care of them; she could keep them so much cleaner and warmer than even their own mother had kept them. She was almost glad the poor woman had died. "I will keep them for my own—my very own!" she whispered exultingly.

Night came on, but Ide was absorbed in her day dreams, and failed to notice the gathering darkness and the howling wind. Ringing footsteps along the path roused her at last. She hurried out into the kitchen, shutting the bedroom door carefully.

Steve was coming! Steve—what would he say? The man let in a great gust of wind and rain as he entered. The long drought was ended at last.

"What a night—what a night!" said Steve, in his loud, cheery tones; and Ide's hands shook as she lighted the lamp, for fear he would waken the children.

He was a big fellow, tall and broad and well knit, with a suggestion of strength in every line of his sinewy body. His good-natured face was half covered by a bushy black beard, and his crisp, black hair curled from the very strength of it.

But this strong man had been partially shorn of his strength. The right sleeve of his blue cotton blouse was pinned across his chest, limp and empty. An accident on a sawmill three years before had robbed Steve Bowman of his strong right arm, and since then things had not been going so well in the little weather-beaten house on the hill.

"I'm wet to the skin," he said. "The fire is out! Why don't you make a fire? There's plenty of wood. No wonder you're sick if you sit in the cold."

Ide commenced to put wood in the stove with nervous haste. "In a minute, Steve; I'll have fire in just a minute," she said.

"And supper isn't ready. How does it come you haven't supper ready?"

"I forgot it," stammered Ide. Steve did not say anything, but he pushed away and proceeded to kindle the fire himself. He was hungry and cold; he had worked all day with nothing to eat but a couple of apples and a piece of hard bread for dinner.

Ide spread the cloth and put a plate and a knife and fork on the table; then she stood still and wrung her hands in silent dismay. She had nothing to give him; she had fed everything to the children. He worked so hard; he was so good to her, and she took the bread from his mouth to throw it to strangers.

"Just some of the bread and potatoes left from breakfast, Ide. What over you can get quickest," said Steve, drawing up his chair to the table.

Two red spots burned on Ide's thin cheeks. The little boy had eaten the last of the bread—the very last morsel—and she had smiled to see him devour it so greedily.

"There's some boiled potatoes, that is all," she said. "I'll warm them up for you. You like potatoes so, Steve."

"Is that all there is to eat in the house?"

"Potatoes—that's all," said Ide, faintly.

"Well, let me have them. That way—it doesn't matter if they are cold. I could eat them raw. That's the advantage of going hungry a while. It cures one of squeamishness. I never thought we would get down this low; did you, Ide?" Steve said, with a pitiful attempt at a smile, as he finished the potatoes.

He sat down with his back to the stove, and leaned his head on his one hand. Ide looked at his broad, steaming shoulders in dull wretchedness; she could not find courage to tell him what she had done. Perhaps he would be angry. No one could blame him even if he were to beat her. Other men sometimes beat their wives for much less. He had so much to bear, and she had added another burden. Two more hungry mouths to fill, when they could not get enough for themselves.

"Are you hungry too, Ide?" Steve asked, turning suddenly to look at her.

She shook her head; she could not speak. The man laid his head on the back of the chair and groaned aloud.

"I tell you it's hard. It's too hard, when things go against a man this way," he said, between shut teeth. "But I won't knock under so easy."

There's fight in me yet, if I am, lopsided."

"You got the job on the mill, didn't you?" Ide asked, huskily. It meant so much, that job on the mill.

"No; they gave the place to Jake Mortz. Plunkin said he did not think a cripple would do. It was his carelessness made me a cripple. What's that crying, Ide?"

"I hadn't told you yet. It's the Italian woman's children," Ide said, quickly and nervously. "The poor foreigner whose husband worked on the railroad and got killed, you know. To-day, nor yesterday nor the day before I didn't see any smoke coming from her shanty, and something moved me to go down and see what was the matter. Steve, she was dead. There she laid, stiff and cold, and the two little children huddled up in the same bed, half starved and half froze, a waitin' for her to wake up. Such a wretched sight it made me sick to see—and the woman dead with only a few rags over her and her glassy eyes staring. I ran for Mrs. Burt, and her and Mrs. Sutton come and helped me lay her out. I had to take my best shimmy, my wedding one that I always saved to put on her. They're going to send word to the poor over-seer to come and bury her. But I had to bring the little ones home with me—just for to-night. The township will take them to-morrow. Mrs. Burt says there's where they belong; they're afraid in there in the dark, that's what makes them cry. I couldn't leave them alone with their dead mother, could I, Steve? So I thought just for one night—"

"Let's see them," said Steve.

The children stopped crying when Steve and Ide entered the bedroom and leaned over the trundle-bed. They blinked at the sudden light, and the little girl reached out her arms toward it and laughed.

"Chirp-looking little kids. A boy and a girl, about the age of our two, ain't they?" said Steve, getting down on his knees so he could see them better.

"The boy's just the same size our Tommy was when he died, and the baby, she's younger than little Ide, but not much," Ide answered. She stood behind Steve and her face was drawn and gray. She had been so happy in her dream of keeping the little waifs. The awakening was bitter; it was like a second bereavement. But they were so poor, and only Steve's one arm to keep starvation from the door, and now he had failed to get work on the mill.

"It's going to make it pretty hard for you, Ide. They'll make some money, but they can't do as well by them as some could, but they haven't been brought up in the lap of luxury, I reckon. They won't need much for a while, so I guess we'll manage to get along. I got a job to-day husking corn over at Squire York's. I can do that pretty well by usin' my teeth, even if I have only one hand. There's always something, if a man's willing to take what he can get. Yes, we'll manage it somehow."

"What do you mean, Steve?" cried Ide, shaking all over. "We can't keep them; we're too poor. They'll have to go on the township—we're too poor."

"We're poor, but they are poorer," said Steve. "There aren't many folks in the world poor enough for us to help much, I guess; but here's our chance. Poor folks must help each other. If these were rich people's kids the rich would be ready to take care of them. And the township makes a cold mother. I was left on the township myself, and I'd rather have a child of mine dead—and they are dead, aren't they? There, don't cry, Ide. I didn't mean to make you cry, my poor girl. I thought when I saw you had dressed them up in our little one's clothes, of course you would want to keep them in place of your own. You do want them, too, don't you? There, there, don't cry so! If you wanted them so bad, Ide, why didn't you say so?"

But Ide could only try to put her arms around him and the little girl on his breast and the boy on his knee all at once, and cry: "Oh, Steve—oh, Steve!"

The storm raged outside; the wind and the rain joined hands, and the roar of the tempest filled the darkness. The forest creaked and groaned, and great trees were twisted out like flower stalks. The house rocked and trembled, and the driving rain beat in and lay on the floor in creeks and puddles. But the fury of the storm passed unheeded. Peace and happiness reigned undisturbed under the leaky roof of the house on the hill.—Independent.

#### Turquoises.

The theory that turquoises are the result of the fossilization of the teeth of animals is apparently confirmed by the experiments of a French scientist, who has found that fossil bones, amethysts and turquoises all contain fluorine. Upon chemical analysis it was found that the turquoise contains exactly the same proportion of fluorine as the bones of tertiary fossils.—Chicago Times.

It is the cheapness of talk that often makes it so expensive in the end.

#### JAPANESE WRESTLERS

##### A TOURNAMENT IN A TEMPLE COURT YARD.

Shinto Priests Refereed the Contests With a Fan—Gibbous Preliminaries—What Constitutes a Throw

ONE day when I was painting the willows, writes Alfred Parsons, from Japan, my boy Matsuba, who had plenty of spare time for investigating the neighborhood while waiting to carry home my umbrellas and things, came and told me that there was a wrestling match at a small temple about a mile away. I packed up at once and we walked over there, for I was very anxious to see what kind of a sport it was. This was a tournament, and all the professional wrestlers of the neighborhood, and many youths anxious to distinguish themselves, had collected to take part in it. They were divided into three classes. The masters of the art were all past their first youth; not enormously stout, as they are often represented in drawings and carving, but fine athletic men, taller than the average of Japanese. They wore their hair in the ancient style, shaved away from the center of the head, and that from the back and side made into a queue, turned up and knotted with string on the top of the poll; they had no clothes except a loin cloth and an embroidered apron. In the second class were men who had won but few prizes; they were not all in the professional get-up, and some of them were evidently laboring men with a taste for sport. The third class was composed of youths, none of them more than nineteen or twenty years old. The contests took place in the temple courtyard on a circular bed of sand, under a roof supported by wooden pillars, but not enclosed at the sides; round the edge of this raised circle there was laid a straw rope, and the man won who could either fairly throw his opponent or force him across the rope without being dragged over himself. The proceedings were conducted by a Shinto priest in full dress, wide trousers and a coat sticking out from the shoulders like that of a modern young lady, who with a peculiar shaped fan gave the signal to begin and to stop. For the highest class this umpire was a venerable old gentleman; for the others the place was taken by young priests who needed to learn this part of the business. The wrestlers came on in pairs as their names were called, and after a great deal of marching round, stamping, rubbing their limbs, making gestures of one kind or another, they squatted opposite each other. When the signal was given to begin they rested their fingers on the ground between their knees, and leaned toward each other till their foreheads touched, sometimes waiting several minutes before attempting to make any grip. If the grip seemed unfair or unsatisfactory to one of the opponents, he immediately put down his hands, the priest stopped the bout, and all the preliminary business had to be gone through again, but if it seemed all right the struggle began, and sometimes lasted for five minutes, each man straining every muscle in a splendid way, and using all the science and cunning he knew. If it lasted too long without either man gaining any advantage, the priest signalled to them to stop, and they had to wait till their turn came round again. Everything was conducted in the most ceremonious and orderly manner, and there was no drunkenness or rowdiness, although the multitude who had assembled were of the poorest class. The most fashionable wrestling-matches are held in Tokyo in spring and autumn, and the champion is as much a popular favorite as a famous torero in Spain, or a well-known prize fighter in England and America.—Harper's Magazine.

##### Thinking Out a Novel.

Hall Caine, author of "The Manxman," a book which has had such a tremendous success in England, describes the way in which he wrote the book in this way: "Hardly one passage of it was written with pen in hand. I used to wake early in the morning, usually about five o'clock, prop myself up in bed, and, with closed eyes, think out my work for the day, until not only the thing took shape, but every passage found expression. About eight o'clock I would get up and hurriedly write down the words. This would occupy about an hour, and then I would do nothing but read until evening, when I spent another hour in revising or rewriting what I had written in the morning, and the rest of the night in planning the work for the following day."—Washington Star.

##### Girl Cashier for a Bootblack's Stand.

The bootblack stand in the Equitable Building cost \$1200, and the Italian proprietor employs a pretty girl as its cashier. He was once a bootblack himself, but now owns several of the most valuable stands in the city. The Italian who has the bootblack privilege on the Pennsylvania Railroad and several other lines employs about seventy boys, and their wages are from \$5 to \$9 a week.—New York Mail and Express.